

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

The Albuquerque Morning Journal

Published by the
JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

Western Representative
C. J. ANDERSON,
Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Eastern Representative
RALPH E. MULLIGAN,
8 East 4th Street, New York

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice of Albuquerque, N. M., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Larger circulation than any other paper in New Mexico. The only paper in New Mexico issued every day in the year.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Daily, by carrier or by mail, one month, \$7.50.
Yearly, in advance, \$75.00.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS:
Subscribers to the Journal when writing to have their paper changed to a new address must be sure to give the old address.

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THE JOURNAL takes and prints thirty hours and thirty minutes of exclusively Associated Press leased wire service each week. No other newspaper published in New Mexico takes more than twenty-four hours of Associated Press service during a week.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1917

ANSWERING MR. McMILLEN.

In a signed statement in the Herald, A. B. McMillen, the chief advocate of the charter, attacks the politicians as constituting the principal opposition. Mr. McMillen says:

"It is not strange that the politicians prefer a political system to a business system of municipal government. Politicians never have made a success of business. Naturally the business of politicians would not flourish if a business system instead of a political system were adopted. It is only necessary to make inquiry as to the men who are opposing the present charter with so much vehemence to find that they are the politicians who have manipulated or attempted from time to time to manipulate the old political system. It is not strange that they should shout 'socialism' instead of discussing the merits of the proposed business management under the new charter."

How "Business" Works.

Let us with some degree of frankness examine Mr. McMillen's argument. He insists that Albuquerque shall have a business rather than a political administration, and is quite severe on the politicians who, he says, will have to "go way back and sit down," or words to that effect.

Through the power given to him by a charter, for many years Mr. McMillen conducted, in a strictly business way, the most important enterprise connected with this municipality. The administration of the Water Supply company was business, from the word go. Also that it was not popular, was shown in the special election called to vote on renewal of the franchise.

Mr. McMillen does not believe in politicians; therefore, he called in the services of another strictly business man, George Roslington, to manage the campaign for the franchise. And, for some reason, Mr. Roslington didn't understand the people any better than Mr. McMillen understood them.

Who Are the Politicians?

Who are the politicians? They are men who take an active part in the government of city, county, state and nation. They stir the voters to go to the polls. Some of them are good men and some of them are bad, largely according to whether they are for us or against us. That is the way Mr. McMillen judges them, whether he is conscious of the fact or not.

But are the politicians all on one side? Do the opponents of the charter suffer by comparison? On the same page with Mr. McMillen in the Herald we find contributions favoring the charter from Albert G. Simms, M. P. Stamm and B. S. Rodey. Mr. Simms, a very excellent gentleman, has been a tentative candidate for something the democratic party might give him ever since he came to the city. That he wanted to be a candidate for mayor and that he is now a member of the city council, attest to his political ambitions and activities. Also, he is a good citizen, even if he has aspired to become a politician in Albuquerque.

Mr. Stamm has been active in the socialist propaganda as long as he has been in Albuquerque, and the only reason he is not now governor of the state, member of congress, or something of the sort, is because the socialists are too few.

Some Politician!

No definition of Judge Rodey's status is necessary. Delegate to congress, member of the territorial legislature, politically appointed Judge in Porto Rico and politically appointed district attorney for Alaska, shouldn't

leave much doubt that he has been something of a politician.

W. P. Metcalf has been a candidate for about every office in the gift of the people, and was on the ticket last year as a candidate for the United States senate.

Mayor Westerfeld was politician enough to secure the nomination, on a platform he immediately disregarded after election, for the highest honor Albuquerque could confer, and Judge Heacock got frightfully mad when the council refused to confirm him as city attorney.

But why pursue the subject further by mentioning A. B. Stroup and the rest of the most active associates of Mr. McMillen in this fight?

Let us say frankly to Mr. McMillen that such strength as the charter has before the people comes from the politicians advocating it, and another significant thing about it is that nearly all of those politicians are out of a job, much to their disgust. The world looks just as blue to them as it did to Mr. McMillen when he made his fight for another franchise and got licked about five to one.

Of course, we dislike referring to these things. They bring up painful memories. The proponents of the charter should recall that old adage about people who live in glass houses. Also after they start the most reckless sort of stone-throwing they should show a little more gameness about hollering when they get hit.

Be it said here that not one of the charter advocates has undertaken to defend it in its present form. They merely talk for a commission form of government, failing to take into consideration that there is quite as much difference between this charter and any charter actually in operation as a progressive city as there is between a jackass and a Kentucky thoroughbred as a desirable saddle horse.

PATRIOTISM IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The Journal has called attention to the inadequate way in which patriotism is taught in the public schools. For this the teachers are not to blame. They have done the best they could in the circumstances.

It becomes more and more apparent that for years, pro-German influences have been at work effectively in shaping the text books to suit their purposes. More and more laudation of Germany has been introduced and gradually the school readers have been sterilized of patriotism.

For example, in the whole series of readers used in Albuquerque there is little to arouse the enthusiasm of the pupil for his country. In the seventh and eighth grades the readers have a few patriotic lessons in prose or verse—seven in the seventh grade, out of ninety-three prose or poem articles, and nine in the eighth grade, out of nearly 150 prose or poetry lessons.

It was different in the school readers before the civil war and for twenty-five years after. In those days there were Friday afternoon exercises and some boys were sure to declaim Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," and some girl was sure to recite the "American Flag." About two decades ago the readers began to be expurgated of such things and the Friday afternoon exercises dropped into disuse practically everywhere, as did the college debating societies which were better training for the boy than any two text books he was studying.

Is it any wonder that there was little response when the call for volunteers was made?

But how has it been with Germany? The first school lesson of the child in Germany is the inculcation of love of the fatherland, and the first geography lesson teaches that "Germany is a country surrounded by enemies."

But what of the German influence in our own schools of America? For years, every Chicago child in school has had at least one lesson intended to show the greatness and the goodness of the kaiser. That fact became known, and the schools of other cities with considerable German populations were investigated. Minneapolis was regarded as a sample of what is found in the German sections of Pennsylvania, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and in practically every part of the country outside of the southern states.

In the Minneapolis high schools two text books have half page pictures of the kaiser, and one of the text books used in more than eighty schools of the city for the singing has the following words:

Hail to thee in victory,
Leader of the Fatherland!
Hail, Kaiser, to thee!
Feel in your brilliant throne,
The highest and greatest joy,
Darling of the people!
Hail, Kaiser, to thee.

Not horse and trooper,
Make secure the exalted height,
Where our Prince stands.
The Love of the Fatherland;
The Love of the freeman,
Support the ruler's throne,
As a rock in the sea.

Glow, holy flame!
Glow, and never die.
For Fatherland and for Freedom,
We all stand ready now,
Courageous for one man,
Gladly we'll fight and bleed.

WHEN SCHOOL REOPENS ABROAD—



For throne and empire!

Be, Kaiser, long here with your people.
Pride of Humanity!
Feel on your throne
The greatest and highest joy!
Lairing of thy people,

The translation is from a German song set to the music of "America." There are no songs glorifying the president or other heroes of the United States.

BAD COOKING.

The agricultural college is making a special effort to teach people the art of cooking. No part of domestic economy is more painfully lacking in America than the art of preparing things for the table—not the sort of cooking to tempt a jaded appetite, but to efficiently feed the human furnace.

Nearly everything used for human food under ordinary conditions of plenty is good before it reaches the hands of the cook. Its value after that depends on the character and education of the cook.

No doubt a considerable proportion of this raw foodstuff is turned into poison, and more of it is thrown into the discard because of its unattractive qualities. This waste is due almost entirely to lack of training in the art of preparing food.

The idea is more or less prevalent that anyone willing to do it, is competent to prepare food for the table. The only reason why the idea has persisted is that we are able because of open air exercise to throw off some of the poisonous effects of poorly cooked and badly blended foods.

Training the cook is receiving large and well directed attention in all of our schools. It is receiving attention in the schools of the country districts of Bernallillo county and in the city schools throughout the state. But it remains for the agricultural college, with its big agency force, to give particular attention to this subject in every section of New Mexico.

Our kitchen habits die hard.

With Scissors and Paste

THE SON OF THE PRIMAL PLAIN.

(Frank Trew.)
"It's the western wind; it's the western wind. She's blowing a gale," says I, as I gazed up the road where a dust cloud blown and blackened the earth and sky. "It's a wild cyclone; it's the devil's own." I murmured as it drew near, with a snort and a clang and a rattling bang dispelling like to the ear. "It's a bloomin' Ford," it says. I, as the gaunt Pute—a long saloot—drove her up to the curb nearby. He was old and his face was the color of grass, after a drought in July, and the whites of his eyes stood out. In size light patches of alkali. And howsoever it happened like, and whomsoever he be, this is the tale I heard from him, just as he told me:

"Yes, she was a Ford when I bought her, boy, away back in 1905. A kittenish Ford full of wild discord and playful and maverick tricks. I broke her in on the Lone Bar ranch and branded her there," says he, as a 10 cent plug went into his mug like a stone drops into the sea. "Her headlights were broke by a wild cayuse that got too near with his heels, so I got them lanterns to take their place and whittled spokes for the wheels. Her axles now are of light-nin rods and her radiator's bust; but there ain't no auto this side of Hell that'll make her swaller dust. No wonder she's full o' pep an' grit; I fixed her myself inside. Her tank

is half full of cockleburs, and her fan belt's a rattler's hide. I've bust ed brones on the western plain as far back as '63, but they never give me such kosh-darned fun as this home-made Ford," said he.

Then he leaned far out from the steering wheel and he looked me straight in the eye. "I'm a truthful son of the primal plain an' a stranger to a lie. I've driv her over the mountain peaks and over the broad plains free. She's had her bath in the Minne-lugh and a dip in the salt sea. An' I'm tellin' you straight 'bout fear or hate, so you'll sather what I mean, near as I can. 600 miles an' she's easy on gasoline. I filled up her tank when I bought her, kid, and oiled her in 1908, and I swear by my uncle's alfalfa beard it's lasted her up to date."

As the rosbud withdrew before the frost, I wilted and faltered and fell, and I slept the sleep till they swept me up, and there's little more to tell. But sometimes when the storm clouds break and the thunder roars and growls, I seem to hear that bested wreck, with its wheezing creaks and yowls. And I wonder if he is adverting yet, and where he is passing by—this truthful son of the primal plain, who was stranger to a lie.

THE GUERRILLA REMNANT.

(St. Louis Post Dispatch.)
About 20 quiet, low voiced, mild mannered old men sat under the shade trees in a grove near Independence, Mo., Saturday, and for the most part, talked about the war. Their voices were characterized by a soft drawl and a slurring of harsh final consonants. They drank lemonade and butter milk and sweet cider and dined on a long trestle covered with delicious viands that had been taken from overloaded hampers. A milder, gentler, pleasanter crowd of elders could never be encountered at the annual reunion of a country church.

It would be hard for a stranger to understand that they were the survivors of as daring and desperate a band as this world has ever known, a band whose name was a synonym for terror in a large part of the country, whose reputation for bloodthirstiness has never been surpassed. The quiet old gentlemen were nearly all that is left of Quantrell's guerrillas. They met at this place every year, but the meetings have grown rapidly smaller, and this one may be the last. The youngest is past 70, and they are scattered over the United States. Each year finds it increasingly hard to get a representation.

The band never numbered more than 500 men. For the four years of the civil war theirs was the most perilous of lives. They operated in a country full of their enemies and they neither gave nor received quarter. They were hunted down like wild beasts. They endured frightful privations. That any of them could have survived at all was marvelous to say nothing of thirty-five or more of them who today are well past the three score and ten age.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

At six o'clock in the evening,
The time for lullabies,
My son lay on my mother's lap
With sleepy, sleepy eyes!
With sleepy, sleepy eyes!
(O drowsy little manny boy,
With sleepy, sleepy eyes.)

I hear her sing, and rock him,
And the creak of the rocking chair,
And the old dear cadence of the words
Came softly down the stair.
And all the years had vanished,
All folly, greed and stain—
The old, old song, the creaking chair
The dearest arms again!
(O lucky little manny boy,
To feel those arms again.)
—Christopher Morley in Collier's.

Russians Continue to Gain.
Petrograd, Sept. 17 (Monday, Delayed).—Russian forces on the Riga front continue to make progress in their drive against the Germans. On Sunday the Russians occupied a German position southwest of Hapsal and also forced the Teutons out of Sadsen farm, to the south of Sissel, the war office announced today.

Mr. Chase Advises Against Personalities

Editor Morning Journal:
In regard to the new form of city government on which the voters of Albuquerque are soon to express a choice, I desire to say a few words, not so much regarding the provisions of the charter, as these provisions have been ably analyzed many times in your paper, but about civic pride and the good of Albuquerque. It seems to me that it is folly for either side to become personal in this

A CLEAN STOMACH MAKES A WELL MAN.

(By Dr. L. W. SHORT.)



The body is a highly organized machine of complicated parts in which the stomach, liver and the kidneys work for the common good. Damage to any one of these organs interferes with man as a motor mechanism. If you will clean the stomach, liver and bowels occasionally with a gentle laxative you can keep well. Too much fuel in man's machine, such as eating too much meat, or alcohol or tea, nervous overwork and lack of exercise in outdoor air bring constipation and bad health. Eat less meat, plenty of vegetables, and with air and good exercise you need little else. If the liver needs rousing—and most of us need this once a week—take a safe vegetable extract of the leaves of aloe, May-apple, root of jalap made into a tiny sugar-coated pill, sold by almost every druggist as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and first put up nearly fifty years ago.

Most people die eventually of an over-acid condition. If the blood can be rendered more alkaline, the longer we live. With regular hours, 6 to 8 glasses of water between meals, sensible coarse food and a chance to get the poisons out of the system, a man will live to be a hundred. But, unfortunately, our highly nervous way of living brings increased storage of uric acid in the body. This acts as a poison, and consequently we suffer from headaches, neuralgia, lumbago, aches or pains, rheumatism, gout. Get rid of this uric acid poison by taking a harmless medicine called Anuric, which throws out the uric acid by stimulating the kidneys. Drink a pint of hot water before meals and take Anuric (double or triple strength) after meals and at bed time. Anuric can be obtained at almost any drug store, or send \$1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for full treatment.

matter. For instance, Mr. Tingley is opposed to the charter, and I am strongly in favor of it, but this does not make me think any less of Mr. Tingley, whose good work as a city trustee I admire. Nor does your paper's attitude make me think any less of the good work your paper has done in the past, especially at the last state election, when you were squarely aligned with the interests which were fighting for good men and good government. Just because A. B. McMillen favors the charter, is it not manifestly unfair to say that the capitalist class want it? Or, because Col. Metcalf favors it, should we say it is socialist? Mr. McMillen is a splendid business man, a good citizen and a heavy taxpayer. Col. Metcalf is all of these; yet probably these two men think differently on most things political.

Let the issues which are clear cut be put before the voters, i. e., whether they are satisfied with the present and past way in which the city of Albuquerque has been governed or whether they want to try a commission form of government with a city manager. Many cities have changed from the old form to the commission form, and some have changed back. Albuquerque can do the same if she desires.

Yours very truly,
E. T. CHASE.

Albuquerque, Sept. 18.

Should Avoid Petrograd.
Stockholm, Sept. 18.—Instructions have been received at the American legation here from the state department at Washington to advise American citizens not to go to Petrograd and only in urgent cases to visit ports for Russia.

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Let us send you a fine layer cake for your dinner. You will never be at a loss to know where to get them in the future. We know, of course, that our pies and cakes are made from the best materials and are pure. If you knew as much about them as we do, you would eat them every day. Are you ready to try them?

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